

FEAR

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ADVENTURE INTO **FEAR**™ WITH

THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS**™

THE LIVING VAMPIRE

QUESTION: HOW WILL A LIVING VAMPIRE FARE,
AGAINST THE WOODEN WEAPONS OF

**BLADE, THE VAMPIRE
SLAYER?**

ANSWER: IF A WOODEN KNIFE
PIERCES HIS HEART, HE WON'T BE
A LIVING VAMPIRE ANY LONGER!!



MICHAEL MORBIUS, NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING BIOPHYSICIST, WAS DYING OF AN INCURABLE BLOOD DISEASE. SO HE ATTEMPTED TO SAVE HIMSELF—WITH AN UNTESTED SERUM DERIVED FROM THE BLOOD OF A BAT. THE TREATMENT SUCCEEDED, HE IS NO LONGER DYING, BUT TO LIVE, HE MUST ROAM THE WORLD BY NIGHT, STALKING HUMAN PREY, STEALING BLOOD FROM OTHERS' VEINS—A LIVING VAMPIRE WHO DESPISES HIS SCIENCE-SPAWNED CURSE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS!**™

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RETURN TO TERROR!

THE STAR-SUN ARCTURUS SETS SLOW AND RED ON THE EASTERN HORIZON OF ITS FOURTH PLANET...

...A WORLD POPULATED BY A RACE OF MUTANTS... BY TRIBES OF ANDROID AND HUMAN BARBARIANS...

...AND, FOR THE NOTICE, BY THE LIVING VAMPIRE NAMED MORBIUS!

THERE IT IS, MORBIUS—THE ONLY REMNANT OF OUR ONCE-MIGHTY STELLAR FLEET.

THE LAST STARSHIP... CONSTRUCTED EONS AGO... BEFORE THE GENETIC WARS.

AND THAT CRAFT IS TO CARRY US THE LIGHT YEARS 'TWTIXT HERE AND EARTH?

HOW CAN YOU
EVEN BE CERTAIN
IT WILL
FUNCTION
AFTER ALL
THIS TIME?

WE **CANNOT**.
BUT IT IS OUR
ONLY--

HOLD!
LORD I!
THERE IS
SOMEONE--
OR SOME-
THING...

...ABOVE
US.

THE BARBARIANS,
MORBIUS. THEY
WORSHIP THE
ROCKET AS A
GOD.

AYE! AND
YOUR RACE IS
FORBIDDEN
TO TREAD THIS
SACRED GROUND--
MUTANT!

I TREADS
WHERE I
CHOSES--
ANDROID!
I'S RACE
BUILT YOUR
"GOD"... AND
YOU, AS
WELL!

BLASPHEMER!
IF YOU REFUSE
TO TURN BACK--

--YOU LEAVE US NO
CHOICE BUT TO
--ATTACK!!

HAIEEE

OUR WAY
BACK TO THE
CITY IS
BLOCKED!
RUN, I--

--HURRY.

WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH YOU,
MAN? YOU'VE
BLOWN WHAT
EVER LEAD
WE HAD!!

--TOWARD THE
SHIP! IT'S OUR
ONLY POSSIBLE
SANCTUARY! WE CAN
REACH IT IF WE--



THE QUEEN IS A
DRY CORSE BY
THE TIME THE
WARRIORS
SURROUND
MORBIUS AGAIN.



AND HER
TROOPS
STAND
UNMOVING,
STONILY
SILENT,
EYES
AGAPE
WITH
HORROR...
AT THE
FOOT OF
THEIR
GOD.



BUT THEIR
NUMBNESS
ABATES
ALL TOO
QUICKLY.



THE FANGED
DEMON SLEW
OUR QUEEN--
AND DRANK
HER VERY
BLOOD!



I-- THE SHIP!
OPEN THE
DOOR TO
THE SHIP!



NOW!!



I SHAN'T
BE ABLE TO
HOLD
THEM
OFF FOR
LONG!



AH, YES!
THAT'S IT!
I HAS
OPENED
THE SHIP
MORBIUS.
NOW WHAT
SHALL I--



GET INSIDE
YOU BLITHERING
FOOL! AND MAKE
ROOM FOR ME
TO FOLLOW!



NOW, SEAL THE
HATCH-- AT
ONCE!!

INSIDE--

YOU'RE CERTAIN
THAT THEY CANNOT
BREACH THESE WALLS?

I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE YOUR
WORD FOR
THAT, I
SUPPOSE.

AT LEAST
YOU WERE
CORRECT
ABOUT ONE
THING!

ABSOLUTELY
MORBIUS. THE
HULL WAS
DESIGNED TO
WITHSTAND
ALL THE
RIGORS OF
SPACE.

THAT LADDER DID LEAD US TO
THE SHIP'S CONTROL COMPLEX.

AS THE
DIAGRAMS WE
FOUND IN THE
CITY SAID IT,
WOULD.

THUS, THE BATTLE AND ITS TERRIBLE
TENSIONS SUBSIDE FOR A TIME, AS
MORBIUS AND HIS BIZARRE ALLY
SLIDE INTO THE THICKLY-PADDED
PILOTS' CHAIRS.

WHY ARE YOU STILL SO
TENSE, MY FRIEND?
THE DANGER HAS PASSED--
FOR NOW.

RELAX! WE HAVE A
LONG-- BUT INCREDIBLY
BEAUTIFUL-- RIDE
BEFORE US... A RIDE
ACROSS THE GALAXY
TO YOUR EARTH.

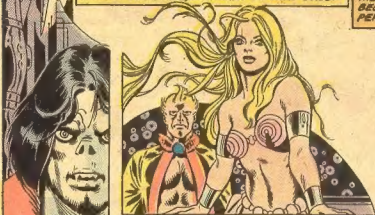
THAT IS WHERE THE
REAL DANGER LIES--
IN OUR UPCOMING
CONFRONTATION WITH
MY ANCESTORS
WHOM YOU CALL THE
CARETAKERS!

THEY NAMED THEM-
SELVES THAT, Z. I
CALL THEM FOOLS
AND MADMEN!

BUT, AS MORBIUS KNOWS ALL TOO WELL, THE CARETAKERS ARE BOTH MORE AND LESS THAN THAT.

THE LESS: THEY ARE BUT ONE SIDE OF A RAPIDLY-ESCALATING CONFLICT, THE LIKE OF WHICH EARTH HAS NEVER SEEN. A WAR BETWEEN THE FORCES OF SCIENCE, THE CARETAKERS, AND THOSE OF SORCERY; THE LATTER REPRESENTED BY THE DEMON-PRIEST DAEMON, AND, MORBIUS RECALLS PAINFULLY, HIS OWN LOVER, THE WOMAN MARTINE, IS A PART OF THAT GROUP.

THE MORE: THE CARETAKERS ARE GENETIC ENGINEERS, BORN CENTURIES AGO ON ARCTURUS-III, WHO CRASH- LANDED ON EARTH IN MAN'S RACIAL INFANCY-- AND WHO SINCE HAVE ATTEMPTED TO GUIDE EARTH'S DESTINY. NOW, HOWEVER, THEY ARE DYING-- AT WHAT THEY BELIEVE TO BE THE MOST CRUCIAL PERIOD IN MAN'S HISTORY.



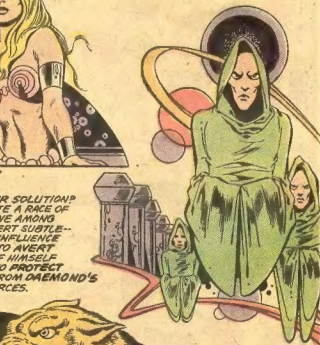
THEIR SOLUTION? CREATE A RACE OF SUPERHUMANS TO LIVE AMONG "ORDINARY" MEN, TO EXERT SUBTLE-- OR PERHAPS OVERT-- INFLUENCE ON EARTHLY AFFAIRS, TO AVERT MAN'S DESTRUCTION OF HIMSELF AND HIS PLANET, AND TO PROTECT MANKIND FROM DAEMON'S DARK FORCES.

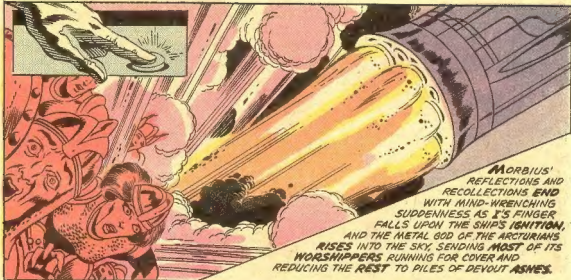
IT IS A SOLUTION MORBIUS DESPISES.



FOR HE BELIEVES THAT MAN MUST EARN HIS OWN RIGHT TO CONTINUED EXISTENCE-- THAT IF HUMANKIND IS INTENT UPON SELF-DESTRUCTION, IT SHOULD HAVE ITS WAY-- THAT THE CARETAKERS' SUPER-RACE CAN ONLY IMPEDE OUR MATURATION AS A SPECIES. AND HE HAS BECOME ALL THE MORE CONVINCED...

...SINCE WITNESSING TWO OTHER CASES OF TAMPERING WITH EVOLUTION: THE "LAND WITHIN" THAT DAEMON'S CAT DEMON, BALKATAR, INHABITED AND THE CARETAKERS' OWN WORLD-- WHERE A WAR OVER THE MORALITY OF GENETIC ENGINEERING DESTROYED AN AGES-OLD SOCIETY SOON AFTER THE CARETAKERS LEFT THE REALM-- A WAR WHICH CREATED A RACE OF NEARLY IMMORTAL MUTATIONS WITH NO INSTINCT FOR SELF-PRESERVATION, WHOSE ONLY DESIRE IN LIFE... IS TO DIE.





MORBIUS'
REFLECTIONS AND
RECOLLECTIONS **END**
WITH MIND-WRENCHING
SUDDENNESS AS **IT'S** FINGER
FALLS UPON THE SHIP'S **IGNITION**,
AND THE METAL GOD OF THE ARCTURIANS
RISES INTO THE SKY, SENDING **MOST** OF ITS
WORSHIPPERS RUNNING FOR COVER AND
REDUCING THE **REST** TO PILES OF DEVOUT **ASHES**.



CUT:

TO A TIME
SEVERAL
WEEKS
LATER...

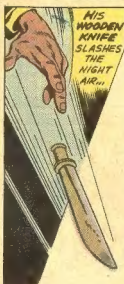
...TO THE SHIP'S TARGET PLANET... AND ONE
OF THAT WORLD'S MORE REMARKABLE
INNABITANTS:

EARTH--
AND THE
VAMPIRE-
SLAYER
CALLED
BLADE!

BLADE--WHOSE
MOTHER WAS
SLAIN BY ONE
OF THE **UNDEAD**
ON THE NIGHT
OF HIS BIRTH.



BLADE--WHOSE LIFE
IS DEVOTED TO
HUNTING DOWN THAT
VAMPIRE... AND ANY
OTHERS LUCKLESS
ENOUGH TO CROSS
HIS PATH.



HIS
WOODEN
KNIFE
SLASHES
THE
NIGHT
AIR...



... AND IMBEDS ITSELF IN THE BACK OF THIS
TEE-SHIRTED **BLOODSUCKER**... ENTERING
THE VAMPIRIC HEART THE HARD WAY!

AN INSTANT LATER, BLADE IS DOWN FROM THE ROOFTOP ANOTHER DAGGER ALREADY IN HAND.



KNEELING BESIDE THE SLAIN VAMPIRE, BLADE LIFTS HIGH THAT SECOND KNIFE...

...AND BRINGS IT DOWN WARD, SEVERING THE NECK OF THE FANGED ONE, FINISHING THE UGLY WORK.



THEN...

A SOUND FROM THE STREETS... SCREAMING!

HE RACES OUT OF THE ALLEY...



AND HIS ASTONISHED EYES BEHOLD:



MAN! JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING--! A FREAKIN' SPACE SHIP!



"THERE'S SOMEONE INSIDE," CRIES A BYSTANDER, SO BLADE AND OTHERS INVESTIGATE--AND FIND:

WEIRD LOOKIN' DUDE! BUT HE'S DEAD-- WHATEVER HE WAS, CRASH MUST'VE DONE 'IM IN.



SO IT SEEMS... UNTIL BLADE'S EYE'S ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY GLANCE AT THE LATE LORD VAMPIRE'S NECK!

LORD-- AM I SEERIN' THINGS OR--?



OR HAVE WE BEEN INVADED... BY A VAMPIRE FROM OUTER SPACE?! NAW, THAT'S CRAZY!

I'VE SEEN B-MOVIES WITH BETTER PLOTS THAN THAT! AN' YET...

SOMETHING FANGED THAT BIG EYEBALL BACK THERE... SOMETHING THAT MUST'VE ESCAPED FROM THE ROCKET-- JUST BEFORE IT CRASHED.

"SOMETHING THAT CAN FLY--!"



ODDLY NERVOUS,
THE STALKER
OF THE
UNDEAD
GLANCES
ABOUT HIM...
AND SEES
THE MACABRE
FIGURE OF
MORBIUS
AGAINST
THE MOON!



**HOLY CRUD--
IT'S TRUE!
IT'S REALLY
HAPPENING!**



**HE WATCHES AS THE FIGURE
DIVES FEARLESSLY FROM ONE
ROOF TO THE NEXT--NOT FLYING,
BLADE NOTES--BUT GLIDING
ON THE NIGHTWIND!**



**AND
THE VAMPIRE-
SLAYER
GIVES
CHASE!**



**IT WAS NOT MY
IMAGINATION, I
AM BEING
FOLLOWED!
BUT--BY WHOM?**



**DAEMON!
HE MUST HAVE
LEARNED OF
MY RETURN
SOMEHOW--**



**--AND SENT
ONE OF HIS
CULTISTS
TO HUNT ME
DOWN!**



**--CAN'T BE ONE OF
DRACULA'S BREED, OR
HE'D HAVE SPREAD
HIS BATWINGS--**



**--AN' FLOWN THE
COOP BY NOW!
WHAT AM I UP
AGAINST?**



**--OR PERHAPS IT IS
THE CARETAKERS
THEMSELVES! OR
ONE OF THEIR
SUPER-MEN!**



**THEY MIGHT
KNOW I'VE
TURNED AGAINST
THEM!**

AND WITH I DEAD--
THERE'S NO PROOF OF MY
CLAIM THAT THEIR
PROJECT COULD
DESTROY HUMANITY!



IF ONLY I
COULD HAVE
CONTROLLED
MY BLOOD-
LUST....!



HE HAD TO COME
THIS WAY! I'M
SURE I SAW 'EM!



MAYBE HE
DUCKED IN
HERE! IT'S
AS GOOD A
POSSIBILITY
AS ANY!



I SEEM
TO HAVE
EVADED
MY
PURSUER!



BLAST! FOUR
DIRECTIONS HE
COULD'VE TAKEN!
WHERE--?



AROUND
THE
CORNER!

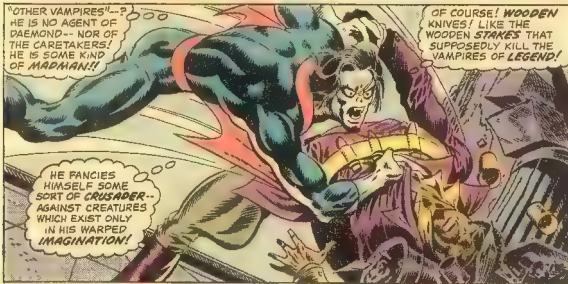


HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE! LEAME
GET A GOOD
LOOK AT YOU!
ONLY VAMPIRES
I EVER MET
'TIL NOW
WE'RE FROM
EARTH!



THEY
DON'T
GROW 'EM
ANY PRETTIER
OUT THERE,
DO THEY?

"OTHER VAMPIRES"--?
HE IS NO AGENT OF
DAEMON-- NOR OF
THE CARETAKERS!
HE IS SOME KIND
OF MADMAN!!



OF COURSE! WOODEN
KNIVES! LIKE THE
WOODEN STAKES THAT
SUPPOSEDLY KILL THE
VAMPIRES OF LEGEND!

HE FANCIES
HIMSELF SOME
SORT OF CRUSADER--
AGAINST CREATURES
WHICH EXIST ONLY
IN HIS WARPED
IMAGINATION!

MAIL IT TO MORBIUS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Dear Marvel,

FEAR #22 was a different sort of issue to say the least. It was interesting to see Steve's research paying off. The cat creatures of the Land Within demonstrated that some demons have a will of their own and are not mere puppets of a spell. Congratulations.

The story was very well done. The Land Within was a well-conceived civilization. Hasn't it ever occurred to any of the cat creatures to use the river to escape? If they follow Morbius' lead, one might expect a great number of them to appear on Arcturus.

There has been a lot of talk about Dracula fighting Morbius. I would like to see Morbius fight Lilith, Dracula's daughter, before he fights Dracula. For one thing, Lilith, thinking she has killed Quincy Harker, has no need to stick around England and may venture to America, Morbius' hunting ground.

The reason for my suggestion of a Lilith/Morbius confrontation is that it would be interesting to pit one living vampire against another.

Gary L. Plumber
3424 S. Sadler St.
Indianapolis, Ind. 46239

Lilith isn't exactly alive, Gary. In fact, we're not sure exactly what she is, seeing as how she must possess another woman's body in order to be able to exist at all.

In any event, what with Blade appearing this issue, we think we'll wait a bit before bringing in any of the other characters from our TOMB OF DRACULA mag— unless, of course, you people demand otherwise.

As for why the cat people of the Land Within never at tempted to escape their self-contained city by the same route Morbius took...cats are afraid of water! The river would be the last means of escape they would resort to.

Oh, before we move on, thanks for the kind words on Steve's work, Gary. Needless to say, this series, with its elements of both mystery/horror and science fiction, is a difficult one to write, and he's happy to know you like the direction he's taking.

Now let us know what you think of Craig Russell's dramatic-artistic interpretation of our favorite bearded bloodsucker, huh? We're hoping, after playing "musica pencils" for so many months, that we've at last found the perfect guy to draw the MORBIUS strip. Do you folks agree?

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MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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Dept: ALG

Dear Marvel,

There are some interesting questions that should be answered about Morbius in the future.

(1) Is Morbius a subject of Dracula's?

(2) Do all the people who are Morbius' hosts to the point of death become vampires as in MARVEL TEAM-UP #3?

(3) If so, are they scientific vampires like Morbius, or supernatural creatures like Dracula?

(4) How about a clash between Morbius and Dracula?

(5) Can Morbius walk in daylight, turn to mist, command rats and such creatures? Does he sleep in a coffin during the day?

(6) Can he be killed by the traditional methods of vampire-slaying or is a more orthodox approach equally effective (any old bullet)? Morbius might be immune to the cross, garlic, the stake through the heart, and other things, since they are mainly effective against creatures of a demonic nature...though, come to think of it, if a stake were put through his heart, he'd be dead one way or another, wouldn't he?

About current events in the strip Martine joining Daemond? The poor guy doesn't have enough problems without adding woman troubles?

Basically, I agree with Morbius' attitude toward the Caretakers; man should earn his own right to survive. It is the only way we shall ever achieve maturity. I also agree with you that Morbius is a good creature at heart, placed in circumstances he cannot control. The only way he can redeem himself is by trying to do what good he can.

Amazing. Until now, I didn't realize how much I liked Morbius.

Mattie Jones

1013 Crockett

Hallinger, Texas 78550

A lot of readers feel the same way, Mattie. People who felt Morbius was just a very good villain for Spider-Man are coming to appreciate the depth of the character through the stories in FEAR and in his black-and-white series in VAMPIRE TALES. Nice to know you're among those folks.

This issue goes a long way toward answering some of your questions, Ms. Jones, as you've probably already noticed. But to elaborate a bit...

No, Morbius is not one of Dracula's legion — but try to convince Drac of that!

Morbius' bite ordinarily does not turn his victims into vampires, living or otherwise. The incident in TEAM-UP #3 was a special case, probably due to some abnormality in the victim's own blood.

Morbius cannot be killed by exposure to sunlight, but it is painful for him; he's allergic to it. He cannot turn to mist, assume the form of a bat, or command rats. He doesn't sleep in a coffin, either; any dark, dry, cool spot will do.

Yes, a stake through the heart will kill him — as it would any human being. But neither garlic nor the sign of the cross has any effect upon him. We do hear he hates onions, though.

And that about wraps it up for this issue's letters page. We'll be back to two of these pages next time around, though, so make sure we've heard from you. Let us know what you thought of Morbi's battle with Blade...whether you'd like to see him face the pallid face with Dracula or Lilith...or what other direction you'd like the strip to take. Do you like the science fiction angle, or would you rather we concentrate more on terror-type tales? WRITE!! (Nuff said?)

NEXT ISSUE: The Children of the Comet! The confrontation with Daemond! The vengeance of the Caretakers! All the forces gather for a war unlike any seen before on the face of the earth — between science and sorcery! Be here in sixty days...or we'll be nipping at your neck!



THIS IS IT! YOUR

**MARVEL
VALUE
STAMP**

FOR THIS ISSUE!

CLIP 'EM AND
COLLECT 'EM!

TO ANSWER THE DESPERATE CRIES OF THE
POSSESSED COMES THE MAN CALLED

**GABRIEL DEVIL-
HUNTER!**

AN EXCITING NEW CONCEPT IN COMICS
FROM THE MARVEL MAGAZINE GROUP --
IN THE TERRIFYING THIRD ISSUE OF...

**THE HAUNT OF
HORROR**



PLUS: **SATANIA**, THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER--
PHOTOS--FEATURES--AND IT'S **ON SALE NOW!**

HE'S AS STRONG AS
ANY FACT VAMPIRE
THAT'S HERE!
BUT THAT OUTFIT
THAT LEATH PAH
SKIN OF HIS
UNREAL!

WHOEVER YOU
ARE-- WHATEVER
YOUR LUNATIC
PURPOSE... I
HATE YOU
HEAR?

I DO
NOT WISH
TO HARM
YOU
BUT

SUNNN!

HARM ME?
MAN, YOU'RE
TALKIN' TO A
CAT WHO'S
TANGLED WITH
DRACULA...

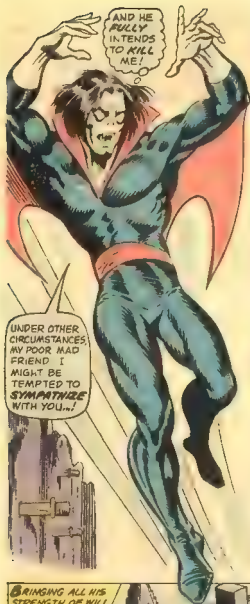
AND WED
TO TELL
ABOUT T
YOU D'S?

I-- HEY WAITAMINIT! YOU
SPEAK ENGLISH?! THEN--
YOU'RE NOT FROM ANOTHER
PLANET! YOU'RE GOOD OL'
EARTH VAMPIRE FILTH
AFTER ALL!

AN' THAT MEANS MY
DANDY LITTLE
DAGGERS CAN KILL
YOU-- CAN'T THEY?

HE IS INSANE-- TOTALLY!
HE TRULY BELIEVES
HE'S FOUGHT THE
FICTIONAL VAMPIRE
DRACULA-- THAT THERE
ARE MANY SUCH
BEINGS ON EARTH--
THAT I AM ONE
OF THEM!

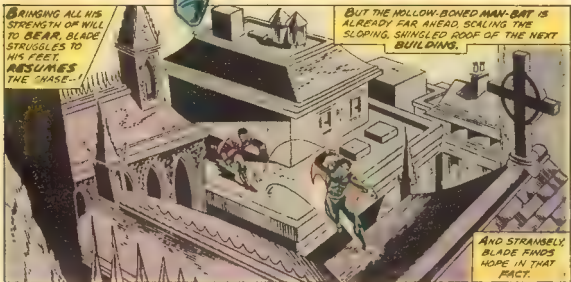
INSANE
AS MORRIS
AND'S BOY



UNDER OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES, MY POOR, MAD FRIEND I MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU...



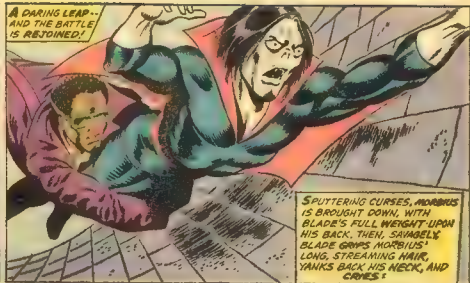
BRINGING ALL HIS STRENGTH OF WILL TO BEAR, BLADE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET. RESUMES THE CHASE--!



AND STRANGELY, BLADE FINDS HOPE IN THAT FACT.

FOR THE STRUCTURE IS A CHURCH... AND AT THE APEX OF ITS ROOF STANDS THE SYMBOL THAT IS ANATHEMA TO ALL VAMPIRES

A DARING LEAP-- AND THE BATTLE IS REJOINED!



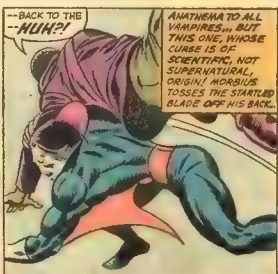
SPUTTERING CURSES, MORBIUS IS BROUGHT DOWN, WITH BLADE'S FULL WEIGHT UPON HIS BACK. THEN, SAVAGELY, BLADE GRIPS MORBIUS' LONG, STREAMING HAIR, YANKS BACK HIS NECK, AND CRIES:



LOOK!!



I'LL KEEP YOU HERE 'TIL DAWN, IF I HAVE TO, MAN-- WITH YOUR EYES GLUED TO THAT THING! YOU'RE GOIN' BACK TO THE GRAVE--



--BACK TO THE --HUN?!

ANATHEMA TO ALL VAMPIRES... BUT THIS ONE, WHOSE CURSE IS OF SCIENTIFIC, NOT SUPERNATURAL, ORIGIN! MORBIUS TOSSES THE STARTLED BLADE OFF HIS BACK...



...AND OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF!



AND LONG, PAINFUL SECONDS PASS



...BEFORE THE BEWILDERED VAMPIRE-SLAYER CAN PULL HIM-UP AGAIN. AND WHEN AT LAST HE DOES, HE FINDS HE IS ALONE ON THE ROOF-TOP...



...WITH MORBIUS NOWHERE IN SIGHT.

EPILOGUE:

BLADE SPENDS THE NEXT THREE NIGHTS SEARCHING THE NOOKS AND CRANNIES OF THE MIDWESTERN CITY FOR ANOTHER SIGN OF MORBIUS. HE FINDS NONE, AND SO DEPARTS TO RESUME HIS PRIVATE HUNT WITHOUT EVER SEEING A NEWSPAPER...

"WITHOUT EVER READING OF THE B ZARRE SERIES OR 'RA - ROAD YARD MURDERS' THAT HAVE OCCURRED ACROSS THE COUNTRY FROM CHICAGO--"

TO LOS ANGELES

BUT MORBIUS KNOWS OF THEM. ALL TOO WELL HE IS THEIR PERPETRATOR

AND THE CARETAKERS--THEY KNOW, TOO, FOR THEY MONITOR ALL HUMAN AFFAIRS, AND THEY HAVE AN SPECIAL INTEREST IN THIS ONE

MORBIUS WAS RETURNED FROM HIS BATTLE WITH DEMON'S CAT. YOU SEE MY FELLOW CARETAKERS-- WAS CORRECT!

HIS PRIMARY INSTINCT IS TO SURVIVE-- AT ANY COST-- MORE SO THAN ANY OTHER EARTHMAN

HE IS THE LOGICAL CHOICE TO LEAD THE CHILDREN OF THE COMET AND WE SHALL WHEN WE DEFER TO CURE HIM.

NEXT: MORBIUS' MOST DIFFICULT DECISION: TO ACCEPT THE CARETAKERS' CURE, THUS POSSIBLY DOOMING HUMANITY... OR TO REJECT IT, THUS DOOMING HIMSELF. THE ANSWER MAY NOT BE WHAT YOU EXPECT-- WHATEVER YOU EXPECT, BE HERE FOR--

EARTHSBLOOD!

WONDROUSLY WITTY WORDS FROM A WOOLFUL OF WOMBATS!

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Hey, troops, how does it feel to be part of nostalgia? Do you realize that just a few short years from now you'll be looking back at these days and referring to them as the Second Golden Age of Marvel? How come? Glad you asked! Not only does SPIDEY, our new co-publishing effort with Childrens Television Workshop, make its first appearance this month — not only is **CRAZY, The Magazine That Dares To Be Dumb**, becoming a runaway best-seller in the satire field — not only does the eagerly-awaited **ORIGIN OF MARVEL COMICS** go on sale throughout the world in October — not only have we revolutionized the magazine industry with our ever-growing group of black-and-white combination comic-strip/story mags — not only do we have the largest, most successful line of color comics the world has ever known — not only

is the titanic **TREASURY OF SPIDER-MAN** the dynamite sensation of the season — but, wait'll you hear this: Sometime in August you'll have a chance to buy the most beautiful, most off-beat, most sensational calendar of all time; namely, **THE MARVEL COMICS CALENDAR FOR 1975**! It's big, it's slick, it's in glorious color, and it's a juicy \$3.95 wherever books, magazines, and greeting cards are sold — in cities, towns, and campuses everywhere! But, if you think it's just an ordinary good-looking calendar, forget it! It'll knock your eye out! Virtually every month, every week, every single day has a drawing, photo, gag, or some sort of skull-blasting surprise to turn you on! It's Marvel at its maddest, merriest, and most magnificent! And it's the Rascally Roy, at the top of his form, brilliantly aided by Merry Marie and the rest of the batty Bullpen!

Best of all, it's peerlessly published by Simon & Schuster, who've included more cartoons, pictures, and paintings of more superheroes, villains, and assorted Marvel maniacs than you ever thought existed! In fact, we've just learned that **PLAYBOY** is planning a big write-up on the **MARVEL COMICS CALENDAR FOR 1975** in its upcoming August issue! But I'd better sign off now before this sounds like bragging — 'cause you know how modest we Marvelites are! Just remember — if you'd kinda like to latch onto one of the greatest collectors' items of the century, grab yourself a Marvel Calendar before the Smithsonian Institute gobbles 'em all up! Anyway, that's enough low-key selling for now — wait'll you see what we've got lined up for next time!

Excelsior!

Stan

ITEM! Hmm. Looks like Smiley just about said it all already. Still, if there's any doubt that the whole wide world is becoming Marvel-conscious, the following listful of personalized mini-items ought to erase 'em once and for all. To wit:

ITEM! First off, our own Rascally **ROY THOMAS** — who still manages to write a comic-mag or three a month, in between his ever-burgeoning editorial duties — was recently awarded an **Allred** by the first International Comic-Strip Congress at Angoulême, France. (The "Allred" after whom the coveted prize is named is a precocious penguin who appears in a French comic-strip.) The award was given to Roy as best comics writer in a foreign language. Sheesh! And here all these years he thought he was writing in English!

ITEM! We neglected to mention it in the rush of other epoch-making events of the past few months, but **Creem Magazine**, one of the better-known rock magazines now on the stands, has been reviewing comics for some time now. Naturally, we don't exactly concur in all of its erudite evaluations, but we salute them for applauding the recent efforts of **STARLIN**, **ENGLEHART**, and **MILGROM** on mags like **MASTER OF KUNG FU** and **CAPTAIN MARVEL**. 'Course the titanic trip have moved on to conquer new worlds since then — but wherever they pop up, either separately or in tandem, you can bet the result'll be well worth anybody's two bits!

ITEM! The nominations for the annual Awards given out by the Academy of Comic-Book Arts have been announced and, while we don't have room to sandwich 'em all in here, suffice it to say that the minions of Marvel were not exactly overlooked this time around. To

name just a couple of categories, two of the Best-Continuing-Feature nominees were **CONAN** and **TOMB OF DRACULA**, while both **CONAN** and **DR. STRANGE** tales were nominated for Best Story. Likewise, both **Judo JIM STARLIN** and **Kolorful KLAUS JANSON** are up for Outstanding New Talent — while the lustrous names of **MARIE SEVERIN**, **MIKE PLOOG**, **LARRY HAMA**, and **BOB FOSTER** make the list of Best-Humor-Penciler nominees read virtually like the table of contents of **CRAZY Magazine**! As usual, we'll give a full unfettered list of the winners in a month or two, in one of our titlin' letters columns. So keep watchin', hear?

ITEM! Well, we've finally caught up (more or less) with the Niagara of mail

which keeps cascading into 575 Madison — so we can finally start accepting memberships in our far-out, fabulously successful **FOOM Fan Club**! If you're not already one of the 25,000 or so members, then you're missing a personal, gold-finished Membership Card — a fistful of sensational **Stick-Ons** — a special **FOOM** poster, featuring about a zillion of our greatest super-stars — not to mention a several-issue trial subscription to our own **FOOM Magazine**, which gives you advance news items and inside glimpses into the madness that is Marvel. In case you've just decided you can no longer bear to remain one of the Unwashed and Underprivileged, here's a coupon that'll help you end it all —!

OKAY, SO
WHO'S THE
HOLD-OUT?



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THE TWO-FACED MAN



ORIGINALLY PRESENTED IN WORLD OF SUSPENSE #1



JOHN SHERIDAN WAS THE GREATEST CYRANO DE BERGERAC OF HIS TIME AND HE HAD PLAYED IT FOR OVER TWO YEARS! AND DURING THAT TIME JOEL PIKE HAD HATED HIM FOR HIS CLOSENESS TO BELLA DAWNE, HIS CO-STAR!



HE'S NO ACTOR! I'VE SEEN THE PLAY SO MANY TIMES, I KNOW ALL THE LINES MYSELF! I BET I COULD PLAY IT...

WHY... I COULD AT THAT! WE'RE THE SAME BUILD... AND WITH THAT COSTUME AND WIG AND FALSE NOSE... I COULD HOLD BELLA IN MY ARMS AND TELL HER HOW MUCH I'M CRAZY ABOUT HER!



AND SO A FANTASTIC SCHEME WAS BORN IN THE MIND OF A VENGEFUL MAN! THE NEXT DAY...



HELLO, JOEL! HOW ARE YOU DOING, OLD FELLOW?



I'LL DO ALL RIGHT ... NOW!



IN THE CLOSET WITH YOU, CHUMP! I'M GONNA SHOW YOU HOW A REAL SMART GUY CAN ACT!

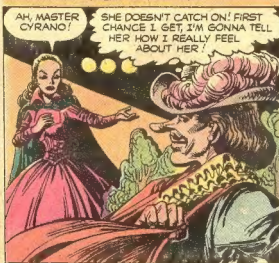
JOEL WAS RIGHT! WITH THE COSTUME AND MAKE-UP, HE DID LOOK EXACTLY LIKE JOHN SHERIDAN...



CURTAIN TIME, MR. SHERIDAN!

BE RIGHT THERE, OLD FELLOW!

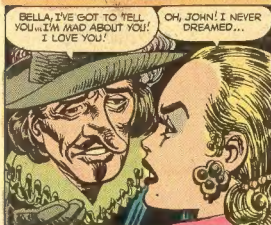
AT LAST! HE APPROACHED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON THE AMERICAN STAGE... AND GOT AWAY WITH HIS GREAT IMPERSONATION...



AH, MASTER CYRANO!

SHE DOESN'T CATCH ON! FIRST CHANCE I GET, I'M GONNA TELL HER HOW I REALLY FEEL ABOUT HER!

AND HIS CHANCE CAME VERY SOON... DURING A CROWD SCENE...



WELL, IT'S TRUE! GIVE ME A KISS!

I CAN'T! I'M IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE ELSE, ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T SUSPECT! IF HE WERE ONLY AS BOLD AS YOU, JOHN, AND JUST TALKED TO ME!



BUT SUDDENLY, WITH GREAT DISMAY, JOEL REALIZED THAT WHAT HAD BEEN A FALSE NOSE OF PUTTY, HAD BECOME **REAL!** HIS DECEIT AND TREACHERY HAD TURNED THE TABLES ON HIM, AND HE HAD LOST THE THING HE **COULD** HAVE HAD, IF HE HAD BEEN A MAN OF HONOR!

WHAT WAS THERE LEFT FOR JOEL TO DO? NOTHING... BUT RUN OFF INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE ALLEY... AN ALLEY THAT COULD EITHER END IN A DEAD END... OR TO THE KNOWLEDGE THAT **BAD GUYS ARE CHUMPS,** UNTIL THEY LEARN DIFFERENTLY!

